

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh ! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old ;
Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
In his cell so lonely and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To please his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old head hath he ;
How closely he twineth—how tightly he clings
To his friend, the huge oak tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs, and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.

Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled and works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade,
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last.

Creeping where grim death hath been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

*Andrews, Printer, 38 Chatham St., N. Y., Songs, Games, Toys, Books
Motto Verses, &c., Wholesale and Retail.*

THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creeps o'er the walls and the trees;
O'er the garden and the house it grows,
In its leafy folds it is hid;
The wall it climbs, the roof it covers,
To please the eye and the heart;
And the ivy green, that grows so fast,
Is a dainty plant indeed.
Climb, climb, climb, the ivy green,
A dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creeps o'er the walls and the trees;
O'er the garden and the house it grows,
In its leafy folds it is hid;
The wall it climbs, the roof it covers,
To please the eye and the heart;
And the ivy green, that grows so fast,
Is a dainty plant indeed.
Climb, climb, climb, the ivy green,
A dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creeps o'er the walls and the trees;
O'er the garden and the house it grows,
In its leafy folds it is hid;
The wall it climbs, the roof it covers,
To please the eye and the heart;
And the ivy green, that grows so fast,
Is a dainty plant indeed.